THE
COURT MISCELLANY:
Being a curious
COLLECTION
OF
AMOROUS POEMS.

[Price One Shilling.]

W.H.H.
SPRING

THE

COURT MISCELLANY:

Being a Curious

COLLECTION

OF

AMOROUS POEMS,

MADE ON

Persons, of both Sexes, of the first Rank of Quality in *Great-Britain.*

In which is contain'd,

1. A Description of *the best in Christendom.* Inscribed to the P---- of *W*----, and Miss *F--zw--ms.* 2. Dialogues between an old Maid of 70, and a young one of 18, on Love and Gallentry, Marriage and single Life, Dress and Behaviour, Plays and Musick, Beauty and Courtship. 3. Verses by a Lady in Praise of her *Own Estate.* 4 A Journey to Bristol, for the Recovery of Health. Inscribed to Miss V-n. 3 In Praise of Tea. Addressed to the Court Ladies, particularly the Maids of Honour to her Majesty. 6. The Apothecary's Daughter. A Tale. Inscribed to Captain B--ns, and a Royal Person. 7. The Favourite. Inscribed to two of the Maids of Honour to the Queen. 8. The Unlucky Ramble; or the Royal Cully. 9. The constant Fair. A Ballad Inscrib'd to Miss M-d-s. 10. On a Punch Bowl, belonging to a Court Sot. 11. On a Flea, leaping into a Lady's Bed at St. James's. 12. On the Charms of a young Lady of the first Rank 13. An Epitaph on a Wife, by a Husband 14. A new Ballad on an insulting inconstant Woman. 15. Beauty in Masquerade. Inscribed to the C---ss of S---k. 16. An Italian Wit's Question, and an English Critick's Answer. 17. The Tale of Sufannah and the two Elders. 18. An Epitaph on a Taylor's Wife. 19. A Satyr on Eve. Addressed to all Prudes.

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M.DCC.XXXI.

THE

PREFACE.

IT is the Method of ſome People to open a Book any where, and having read a few Lines, which perhaps may not pleaſe them, throw it by; therefore, if any one ſhould ſtumble upon thoſe three Things which have been inſerted in the Works of the Earls of Rocheſter *and* Roſſcommon, *it is to be hoped they will not caſt their Cenſures by ſaying that all all the Pieces contain'd in this Collection are old. The Three I mean are,* Suſannah and the two Elders; The Conſtant Fair; *and the Verſes on* the Charms of a Lady of the firſt Rank; *all of which have, 'tis true, been before printed; but then their being ſo very applicable to the Characters of the Perſons to whom I have inſcribed them, occaſion'd my uſing them inſtead of any Productions of my own. As to all other the little* Tales *and* Poems *here collected for the Reader's Satisfaction, is, I am ſure, now firſt printed from*

from the Originals, and will, I am in great Hopes, give a general Content to thoſe who ſhall purchaſe them. There are ſeveral, I apprehend, ſuch as the Apothecary's Daughter; A Journey to Briſtol; *and* the Favourite, *which may be taken as too raſh; but then the Truth they carry with them, will be a ſufficient Excuſe for their being reduced into Print.*

A Deſcription of The beſt in Chriſtendom. *Inſcribed to the P--- of W---, and Miſs F---zw---ms.*

MUſing one Day on This and That,
And thinking on I know not what,
A jolly Nymph of *Phebus'* Strain,
Attack'd me thus in merry Vein.
The rival Deities of old
A Shepherd choſe, (as I am told)
To whom each Goddeſs made her Suit,
And he decided their Diſpute.
No Deities your Aid implore,
But Nymphs in Number three Times four,
(Nymphs full as ſprightly and as good,
As e'er were made of Fleſh and Blood;
Who now are ſporting on the Plain,)
Have choſe thee Umpire; happy Swain!
Here, read theſe Words, and quickly tell
Thou, who in Wiſdom doth excel;

Relate, nor think me trubleſome,
What means the *beſt in Chriſtendom* ?
She ſmil'd, ſhe bluſh'd, and with a Grace,
Hung down her Head, and veil'd her Face.
From various Things, ſaid I, ariſe
Variety of Qualities :
This fires the Soul, and that the Blood,
Myſterous ſome, ſome underſtood ;
But, oh ! how wide my Task, and far is,
From what was given to Shepherd *Paris*.
Naked he view'd the heavenly Fair,
And did not ſlip one ſingle Hair ;
So curious in Examination,
No Part eſcap'd his Penetration :
But ſince my Judgment is required,
I'll ſpeak, for now I am inſpired :
The Nymphs ſo ſprightly, blith and gay,
Shall change their Notes another Way :
The *Beſt* muſt ſomething be divine,
And ſure that Thing muſt needs be thine.
If ſo, ſays ſhe, (with ſwelling Veins,
Then prithee take it for thy Pains.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

LEONORA and AURELIA.

LEONORA.

HERE, Niece, take my Handkerchief, prithee now, if you can find nothing elſe to cover your Nakedneſs: If you knew what a fulſome Sight it was, I am ſure you would not go ſo bare: I can't abide your naked Breaſts heaving up and down; they make me ſick to ſee them.

Aurelia. It is not clean, Aunt; beſides, 'tis ſo hot I can't endure any thing about my Neck; I hate to be ſtifled up.

Leo. Hark ye, *Aurelia*, thoſe little Pretences won't paſs upon your Aunt; 'tis not the Heat of the Weather, 'tis the Heat of

your Blood, your Wantonneſs, and lacivious Thoughts; 'tis they that are the Cauſe of all your immoderate Behaviour. Do I ever go ſo? Or do you think I haven't Breaſts as well as you?

Au. When I am as old as you, Aunt, perhaps I may do as you do. Tho' you are pleas'd to find Fault with my Behaviour, I don't know that ever I was guilty of any Immodeſty in my Life: I don't invent the Faſhions; but indeed I don't love to be pointed at for affecting Singularity. I dreſs myſelf as I ſee other young Gentlewomen do; my Stays are not cut lower than other People's.

Leo. Don't make ſo many Excuſes, dear Child; what ſignifies the Faſhion? What ſignifies your Stays? Yeſterday it was as hot again as it is now; then all the while we were in the Garden, rather than to have your white Skin tann'd with the Sun, you could endure your Handkerchief, and your Mask both; then you was cloſe muffled up, and I did not once hear you complain of being ſtifled.

Au. As long as I uſe not Art to make my Skin white, I hope it is no Sin to keep it from being Sun-burnt?

Leo.

Leo. Yes; and for what Reaſon do you keep it white? To raiſe up ſinful Thoughts in the Men; if your Breaſts were yellow, or freckled, you know, they would not be ſo inviting to the Fellows; but I declare it, were I a Man, I'd ſpit at them.

Au. Then, if you was a Man, Aunt, you would not be accounted a very civil one.

Leo. Oh! how I ſhould loath the Creatures that ſhould ſhew ſuch monſtrous Impudence! you talk of dreſſing yourſelf, this is undreſſing; you are half naked: As for your Stays, if it be the Faſhion to have them cut ſo low, you might find out ſomething elſe to cover your Body; but you are ſo far from ſtriving to hide it, that the very Shift is put by, for fear it ſhould hinder the Eye; I can't call it taking up your Smock, but it is pulling it off, which is worſe: Suppoſe your Stays were cut as low as your Navel, pray, would you ſhew it? Nay, it does not want above an Inch or two of it now. Women in Strictneſs, ſhould never appear in Publick but veil'd; at leaſt youg Women ſhould never ſhew their Faces to any Man but their neareſt Relations.

Au. Indeed, Aunt, when 'tis the Faſhion

to go veil'd, I won't ſtick out, but I ſhall hardly begin firſt.

Leo. I don't bid you be veil'd, Mrs. Pert; but there is abundance of Difference between veiling and going bare-aſs'd; Faſhions and Cuſtoms I know have alter'd with the Time; ſometimes People have wore long Cloaths, ſometimes ſhort ones; but I never heard, or ever read of an Age, before this, if the People were any ways civiliz'd, but they had ſome Garment or other (whatever they did to their Legs and Arms) to cover the main Body, the Trunk itſelf; now a Days the very Virgins that ſhould be the Temple of Modeſty, go with their Bodies half naked, and not only ſo, but the obſcene Part of their Bodies.

Au. I never knew that the Neck was an obſcene Part.

Leo. What you call your Neck is an obſcene Part; here your Neck ends, at the Collar Bone; this is your Cheſt, your Boſom, this is the Pit of your Stomach, theſe are your Breaſts; you make a ſtrange long Neck of it, and are like the Sign Painters, who only call it a Head, tho' they paint a Man or a Woman as far as the Waſte; you may as well call it your Chin, as your Neck.

Au.

Au. Well, let it be called Boſom, or what Part you pleaſe, why is it obſcene?

Leo. Why I wonder you ſhould ask that Queſtion; can any thing be more obſcene than the very Marks of your Body, by which you are known to be a Woman: All virtuous People think it obſcene either in Man or Woman, to ſhew any thing naked that may tempt the other to Wickedneſs; but it is much more ſo to proſtitue thoſe Parts by which the Sexes are diſtinguiſh'd.

Au. If that be true, Aunt, a long, fuſty Beard muſt be a very obſcene Sight, for there the Men differ from us with a Witneſs; and yet, I declare, I could ſee a Beard of a Yard and an Half long, without any manner of Temptation.

Leo. Now you think you have ſaid a mighty Thing, I warrant ye.

Au. Indeed, Aunt, I wonder any civil Government ſhould ſuffer People to draw *Moſes* and *Aaron*, and all the Patriarchs, with ſo much Obſcenity about them. In the Picture of *Abraham*'s Offering, that hangs over the Top of our Stair-Caſe, the old Gentleman has Hair enough in his Beard to make him a good handſome Perriwig; which, if he had lived in this Age, no doubt but every-

every-body would have adviſed him to, becauſe he is ſo very bald.

Leo. How fain, now, would you be witty upon Beards, and ridicule what I ſaid about the Diſtinction of the Sexes; but you only ſhew your Ignorance. I deny that Beards diſtinguiſh the Sex; Beards are Hair, and, for the Generality, Men, when they arrive to their full Strength, are more or leſs hairy all over; their Face, Arms, Legs, Breaſt, no Place is free; and, ſtrictly ſpeaking, Men differ from Women in every thing; their Skins is not ſo plump as ours, nor the Grain of it ſo fine; their Muſcles and Sinews are more brawny and conſpicuous than ours; we differ in the very Make of our Bodies; Men are broader in the Shoulders than the Hips, with us it is the Reverſe; but by theſe Things the Sexes are not diſtinguiſh'd. I have known a Woman that had Hair between her Breaſts, and ſome have ſo much about their Faces, that they are forc'd to clip it every Week; nay, there are Women that are conſtantly ſhaved as well as Men; therefore there cannot be any Obſcenity in that which is no diſtinguiſhing Character.

Au. Indeed, Aunt, you need not have taken half the Pains to convince me that Beards

Beards are not obſcene; I never thought 'em ſo; what I ſaid was only in Jeſt, for I believe few Women are charm'd with them.

Leo. Not ſo neither, Child; this is another Error; but as I have ſhewed you the Folly of your Compariſon of the Men's Beards with Women's Breaſts, ſo now I will ſhew you your Simplicity in thinking that there is no Allurements in Beards; for, without Queſtion, they are deſign'd as great Ornaments to Man, but as nothing looks handſome as is not the Mode, ſo Beards not being in Faſhion, you ſee no-body wear 'em but here and there a poor old Creature, or ſome naſty, ſlovenly Fellow or other, that would not be very tempting, Beard or no Beard; and this is the Reaſon why Women diſlike long Beards; Gentlemen, now a Days, keep them cloſe ſhav'd, ſo there is no knowing a handſome Beard from another; but when it was the Faſhion to let them grow, no doubt but the Women of thoſe Ages preferred a thick, ſtrong, brown, curl'd, buſhy Beard, to a thin, lank, ſtraggling one, that had all the Colours of the Rainbow in it: But, beſides, Beards are graceful, even as they wear them now; for tho' they are cut never ſo cloſe, there are Signs enough remaining by which

which they may be diſcovered; and conſult but your own Thoughts, which do you eſteem to be the handſomeſt Chin, that on which the Marks of a ſtrong, manly Beard appears, or that of a Milk-chopp'd Fellow, that has not a Hair about his Face, and looks like a Girl in Man's Cloaths.

Au. Truly, Aunt, I never ſtare ſo much in Men's Faces to mind the Difference.

Leo. The leſs the better, aſſure yourſelf; but leaving Beards to their Owners, I hope you are ſatisfied, after what I have ſaid, that it is not modeſt for Women to ſhew their naked Breaſts to all the World.

Au. I confeſs, Aunt, I am not of your Opinion, but think that nothing is immodeſt in dreſſing, but when People ſhew thoſe Parts which the Cuſtom of the Country bids them hide: In ſome Countries Women's Petticoats reach but a little below their Knees; yet if here a Woman, walking along the Streets, ſhould pluck up her Coats half Way the Calf of her Leg, every-body would call her immodeſt; and, therefore, if any Parts be obſcene, they muſt be thoſe that are carefully hid, and not thoſe that are uſed to be bare.

Leo.

Leo. O ſtrange! O ſtrange! what Age do we live in? What Notions are theſe? That no Part is obſcene when it is the Faſhion to ſhew it: Suppoſe once it ſhould be the Faſhion for Women to be covered all over, except from the Navel to the middle of the Thighs, which would be the obſcene Parts, thoſe that were cover'd, or thoſe that were not?

Au. I don't believe that there ever will be ſuch a naſty Faſhion, and therefore I need not trouble myſelf upon that Suppoſition: But now, Aunt, let us leave this Diſcourſe for a few Moments, and talk of ſomething elſe. That is a fine Lap-Dog you gave me Yeſterday. I never ſaw a larger Eye in my Life; Oh, ſweet Creature! there's delicate Ears.

Leo. 'Tis a right *Boloneſe*; you muſt get it a Silver Collar.

Au. No, that will hurt it; I'll make it a pretty one with Ribbons: What is it, a Bitch? Pray what's it's Name?

Leo. I can't tell; you may call it what you pleaſe.

Au. Then I'll call it *Die, Die, Die, Diana.* I am glad 'tis a Bitch, Aunt; I'll borrow Sir *James*'s Dog; that's juſt ſuch

another, then we ſhall have fine Puppies. What d'ye laugh at, Aunt?

Leo. You give the Bitch a very chaſte Name, and the next Thing you think of is Generation.

Au. That's nothing in our Town, as long as ſhe is old enough.

Leo. But what makes you ſo wanton this Morning?

Au. I think I am far from it; theſe two or three Mornings I have had abundance of Water upon my Stomach; methinks I am very maukiſh.

Leo. You will drink that Chocolate with Ambergriſe and Venellies; I told you it was not good for you; it makes your Blood too rich, and you take no Exerciſe. I ſaw how you hugg'd *Camilla* juſt now, as if you would have kiſs'd her thro'.

Au. You make me bluſh, Aunt; is there any Harm in kiſſing her?

Leo. It was not deſign'd for your Siſter; and look'd to me as if you had been venting ſome other Thoughts; had you been kiſſing all Mankind in her, you could have expreſs'd no more Eagerneſs: But now I'll let you into the Secrets of Matrimony, that you may be a Judge of the Sufferings that attend

attend it. When you marry, you have a Man for your Partner, who is a venomous Creature, and, in a ſhort Time after you converſe with him, will cauſe you to look thin viſag'd, pale, yellow, and look as if you were bewitch'd; not be able to endure the Sight of Bread, loath the beſt of Food, and, in an Inſtance, get an Averſion to twenty Things that you uſed to love before, whilſt you'll run raving mad for ſtrange, naſty, and unnatural Meſſes, that no human Stomach ever crav'd, with an Appetite ſo uncommon and unaccountable, that if it be not ſatisfied, and you are deny'd, or anyways hinder'd in your frantick Luſts, you'll ſwoon away, be thrown into Convulſions, and ſuch Agonies as have often prov'd fatal; beſides all theſe Things, there is the loſing of your fine Shape, the fading of your Beauty, the ſpoiling of your fine Boſome, *&c.*

Au. If theſe little Diſorders were the worſt, I ſhould not think ſo much of it; for I ſee Men and Women both laugh at them daily.

Leo. Dear *Aurelia*, what mild Creature are you grown; it grieves me to the very Soul to think how much you are alter'd for the worſe within theſe three or four Years

that you wrote Woman. I have given you a virtuous Education; my Conſcience is diſcharg'd; I can do no more: When you was between 14 and 15, I thought I ſhould have had ſome Comfort of you, but now I ſee that all my Hopes are blaſted; Oh! then your Cheeks were not ſtain'd with thoſe guilty Bluſhes: How meek was then your Look? How modeſt your Eyes, which now rowl like Fire Balls, and ſhoot as if they were ready to fly out of your Head?

Au. I am ſorry, Aunt, you ſhould like my Looks worſe now I am in Health, than when I was eat up with the Green Sickneſs, and my Eyes had no more Livelineſs in 'em, than the Eyes of a dead Whiting.

Leo. Do not talk to me; every thing about you ſmells ſo ſtrong of the Harlot I can't abide you; what have you done to your Hair? What makes it ſo bright and ſo ſhining?

Au. I don't know, I have done nothing to it; I han't put ſo much as a little Powder in it.

Leo. If it was Red or Yellow, you would have put enough in it: What an odious Way you have of dreſſing your Head; all that Hair there, methinks, looks moſt abominably;

minably; prithe, Niece, cut off your Hair, and I'll give you Five Guineas.

Au. Thank you, Aunt; I might have above Ten for it if I would ſell it; but I am not covetuous, neither do I think it looks handſome for a Gentlewoman to cut off her Hair for the Lucre of Money; I would do it with all my Heart to pleaſe you, if you would ſtop there; but you are pleaſed to find ſo much Fault with my Looks in general, I am afraid, ſhould I cut off my Hair to Day, to Morrow you'd ask me to put out one of my Eyes, and I ſhould not willingly loſe one of them, becauſe they are Fellows.

Leo. If you knew, *Aurelia*, how little your Jeſting and Joaking becomes you, when I would give you good and wholſome Advice, you would not be ſo fond of it. It is, as you ſay, not only your Hair that diſpleaſes me, but your Forehead, your Eyes, your Lips, your Mein and Dreſs; they are all equally offenſive to a virtuous Eye; but, above all, that large Tract of clear tranſparent Skin, which you are only pleas'd to call your Neck, tho' it reaches above half way your Body; but we'll let this drop a little. Was the Captain here to Day?

Au

Au. Yes, Aunt.

Leo. What is that Spot upon your Arm, Niece?

Au. That's a Mark of your beloved Captain; I verily believe I have had it above a Fortnight. There is not ſuch a wild Boar again in *England*, as that naſty Tarpawlin; he rumples my Headcloaths, kiſſes and ſlabbers me over every Moment; I hate him mortally: He never was here to ſee you, but he teaz'd me to Death; he hurts my Arms, ſqueeſes my Hands, puſhes me from him, then hawls me to him again; and plays with me as if I was a Puppy that wanted warming.

Leo. A rough, harmleſs Soul!

Au. Harmleſs do you call him? I am ſure he is very impudent. Laſt Time he was here, he put his Hand down my Boſom as low as he could thruſt it; and he is ſo ſtrong, I can as well remove the Houſe as hinder him. I have been amaz'd, ſometimes, you never ſpoke to him; nay, when he has tumbl'd and towz'd me before your Face, I have ſeen you ſmile at it, as if you had been very well pleaſed. I can't imagine you ſhould not apprehend a Man that is really rude, when I ſee you ſo very watchful

watchful over every civil Gentleman that comes near me, tho' no-body ever offers to touch me but that unpoliſh'd Sea Monſter.

Leo. I know it is a Way he has of ſhewing his Gallantry; but I don't fear him.

Au. But I do fear him; for what you call Gallantry, is downright Incivility.

Leo. There is nothing more dangerous than to truſt young Women with what you call *civil* Gentlemen; for by not offering any thing to them, they diſperſe their Fear, and make them tame: If once they can perſuade them to liſten calmly to their wheedling Cant, the Bridle is ſoon thrown over their Heads: And this is the Reaſon why you have always ſeen me ſo diſtruſtful of their Civility, and ſo little concern'd at the Captain's Rudeneſs, becauſe he is juſt like Boys that throw their Hats at the Horſes; he may frighten you, but he'll never trick you into Slavery. A Man that is always kiſſing and hawling of a Woman, puts her upon her Guard himſelf, and young Women hate nothing more than Men that are troubleſome in teazing and laying hold of 'em; but eſpecially if they tumble their Cloaths, or any-ways diſoblige their Dreſs. But don't be angry, Niece, he ſhall trouble you

no

no more: I confeſs, ſeeing his Honour, I have made uſe of him as a Tool to rouſe you, becauſe I know that when Maids are ſo ſerved by Men they don't fancy, it not only renders them that plague them odious, but likewiſe makes them ſlyer of others, to whom they would elſe be indifferent; ſo now we will let the Captain alone, and begin a new Diſcourſe. Niece, I obſerv'd you to eat to Day with a better Appetite than you did Yeſterday: What, your Dancing-bout agrees with you, does it?

Au. Yes, Aunt, I am much better than I was; but don't you think it dangerous to truſt me amongſt ſo many young Fellows?

Leo. Much leſs than where there is but one or two, becauſe the Objects joſtle out one another, and none can make a deep Impreſſion.

Au. That may be; but when they handle me about, and I am ſo cloſe to 'em, as one is oblig'd to be in Country Dances, it makes a ſtrange Commotion in me, in ſpight of my Teeth: At firſt of all it is as if it would ſtifle me, and takes away my Breath.

Leo. That is becauſe it is ſweet, and the Men draw it. Did you never hear of Cats ſucking the Breath of Children?

Au.

Au. But, without bantering, *Aunt*, did you ever obſerve that yourſelf? It is only in the Beginning; as ſoon as I am tir'd a little it goes off.

Leo. When I was young, without doubt I was as the reſt; but don't be troubled at it; the more you frequent great Companies, the ſooner it will wear off. Do but keep them from reaſoning, and being alone with you, and you are ſafe; for I never fear your falling in Love at Sight. I know that being ſo near them, as well as the Wantonneſs of the Motion itſelf, but making an Agitation in the Blood, ſtirs up the Thoughts, and raiſes ſome hidden Wiſhes; but the ſame Motion long continued, by diſſipating the Spirits, will lay them again, and you'll always find yourſelf eaſy after it.

Au. Well, *Aunt*, we will let this Talk ceaſe, and call another Subject: Suppoſe I ſhould ask you a Queſtion, you won't take it amiſs?

Leo. No, I aſſure you, *Aurelia*, let it be what it will.

Au. You ſay, then, that ſhewing my Boſom is indecent, becauſe of our Breaſts, by which we are known to be Women; if the Miſchief lies there, I wonder you never ſpoke to our

Betty, who ſhews three times as much Breaſt as I.

Leo. What, *Betty!* poor greaſy Wench, that, with a huge Pair of Dugs, ſtands ſweating and broiling over the Fire: She would hide them if ſhe could; you ſee her Bodice are cramm'd that they are ready to burſt. What ſhould ſhe do, pray? If you would not have her leave the Remainder open, ſhe muſt be choak'd: She does not do it out of Pride, becauſe ſhe thinks it looks handſome: Where could be the Temptation, pray, in ſeeing thoſe Tawny Bags lie quaking before her like a Tub of Size, tho' they are penned up ſo cloſe, that ſhe can hardly ſqueeze the Key of the Pantry between them? You have made a fine Compariſon: What you do is with a wicked Deſign; you ſhew your Breaſts becauſe you think them attractive and enſnaring: They can't be call'd ſmall, indeed, but then they are nothing to your high and broad Cheſt. See how filthily and boldly they ſtand pouting out, and bid Defiance to your Stays; one would not think that any thing made of Fleſh and Blood could be ſo hard and ugly as they are: Nay, you are all of a Piece; do but mind once, with how much Immodeſty that Orange

Orange, and them Leaves are ſtuck o'the Top of your Stays.

Au. Ha! ha! ha!

Leo. Do you laugh, Huſſy; you have more Reaſon to cry, to ſee your ſelf made an Inſtrument of the Devil to ruin Souls withal.

Au. Indeed, *Aunt*, I could not forbear laughing when I heard you talk of the Immodeſty of the Orange.

Leo. What, do you wonder at that? Don't you think a Bawd is immodeſt.

Au. I ſuppoſe ſo, tho' I never was acquainted with any in my Life, as I know of.

Leo. Would you think her to be a Bawd that ſhould turn up a handſome young Woman, and ſhew all ſhe has to all Commers and Goers?

Au. Such a one would be a Jade indeed; but what Relation has this to the Orange?

Leo. Perhaps you think it much worſe to ſhew the under Part of a Woman than the upper Part, but that's a grand Miſtake; that Part which is the moſt handſomeſt, and conſequently the moſt tempting to Sin, is, without doubt, the moſt abominable Shew. Now which do you think the moſt agreeable Part of a Woman? Without diſpute the upper

Part which you ſhew: Women are only handſome ſo far as now they go naked, and that makes me of your Opinion, that it will never be the Faſhion to ſhew the lower Parts; for there Women are ugly, ill-ſhaped, naſty Creatures, or elſe they would have brought up the Faſhion long ago. Don't think it is let alone out of Modeſty; no, they are only afraid Men will deſpiſe and hate them for it. Do you not think, that if the under Parts of Women were ſet in as full a View as now the upper Parts are, they would in a ſhort Time become very loathſome to the Spectators? I remember what juſt now you ridiculed the Pictures of the old *Patriarchs* for; and what do you think of this?

Au. I do not underſtand what you mean; neither do I deſire to know any thing of it; I can only tell you, that I never thought all this depended upon a poor Orange; I promiſe you, that To-morrow I'll put in a Lemon.

Leo. Then you'll mend the matter much; Oranges, Lemons, Jeſſemin, and all manner of Noſegays, or Breaſt Knots, have the ſame Effect, and are put there for the ſame Purpoſe.

Au.

Au. I always thought ſo too, and can't imagine, ſince you are ſuch an implacable Enemy to Nakedneſs, you ſhould not approve of Breaſt Knots and Noſegays, for I am ſure one's Stays look very bare without ſomething or other upon them.

Leo. Would you have me believe they are to hide any thing, or to ſmell to? Poor Girl! They are not placed there on ſo fooliſh an Errand; your Aunt knows better; their Buſineſs there is to gather the Rays of the Eye, on that white Vale there betwixt your Breaſts, and fix it on your Boſom; and as a Spot in a white Cloath draws the Sight to it whether we will or no, ſo that Orange is ſet there to engage the Standers-by; and for fear it might be over look'd, points at the Shew, with which you are ſo pleas'd, at the Expence of your Modeſty, to treat the Publick: And you that love to be witty, *Aurelia*, ſhall I tell you in a Word how it looks in regard to your Skin.

Au. What you pleaſe, Aunt.

Leo. For all the World like a Hand to an Advertiſement of what you would diſpoſe of.

Au. All this can't put me out of Humour.

Leo. What are you muttering between your Teeth, *Aurelia?* You uſed to be very

ſmart

ſmart at Rapertee: How do you like my Simile? Have I gall'd you?

Au. No, Aunt, not at all: For if it be as you ſay, it is to be hoped I ſhan't be long without a Chapman; and depend on it, if I meet with a good one to my Mind, i'll part with the Cargo.

Leo. It is eaſy to be ſeen you are weary of it; but you talk of a good one, I believe an indifferent one would ſerve your Turn.

Au. I can't help your Cenſures; but I am not ſo weary of it as you imagine: It ſhall never go but on very good Terms.

Leo. Perhaps you don't know, that it is a Notion among Merchants, that when Goods have been much expos'd and blown upon; and the Owners ſeem to be very deſirous to be rid of them, creditable Dealers won't meddle with them, unleſs they can get them for a Song.

Au. I am not to be accountable for other Ladies Actions. I never gave any Reaſon for this Imputation, more than the Wantonneſs and Immodeſty you are pleas'd to charge me with: Not but I could anſwer you, Aunt, in your own Dialect, if I had a mind to make you angry.

Leo.

Leo. Make me angry; I dare ſay you don't mind that; or was it only an Excuſe to ſtuddy the whilſt? Pray Niece let me hear what it is you would ſay?

Au. I could ſay, that when People of Skill like their Goods, they matter but little what ſpiteful Neighbours ſpeak againſt them; that old Traders commonly envy young Ones; that, inſtead of aſſiſting them, and wiſhing them well, they endeavour to undermine their Credit, and blow them up, if they can; that, generally ſpeaking, it vexes them to the Heart to ſee the other thrive, becauſe they unjuſtly look upon them as ſo many Intruders into their Buſineſs. I could ſay, that they often maliciouſly give an ill Name to new Beginners, for no other Reaſon, than to blaſt their Reputation, and undervalue their Commodity only to ſpoil a good Bargain.

Leo. So Niece, I hear that, right or wrong you can ſay a great deal; but if by old Traders you mean me, you are mightily miſtaken, for I never dealt that Way.

Au. You never was marry'd, indeed.

Leo. Your Spleen don't offend me; out with it; you would ſay I did worſe.

Au. I don't ſay ſo; I am not ſo cenſorious as others.

Leo. But you more deſerve to be cenſured than others; for I can never think, if any thing offer'd, you would be ſo difficult, or ſtand upon thoſe Punctillo's you talk of; and I am apt to believe, that rather than keep the Commodity upon your Hands, you'll give Truſt by Retail.

Au. Pray, Aunt, ſpeak plain, and tell me you believe I am a common Whore?

Leo. Could the courteous *Aurelia* be ever cruel! no ſure: You have no denying Face Child; and then, when People are ſo obliging in ſhewing their Goods, who would not think but that any one might have a Sample for asking for? How, in Tears, Niece! Melting with Remorſe?

Au. Oh! my wronged Innocence makes me bleed.

Leo. That was an heroick Flight, and would do well in a Tragedy.

Au. I had rather be buried alive than be thus tormented every Day; And, pray, for what? For not being lame, blind, or crooked? If I was as frightful as the Devil, perhaps I ſhould lead a better Life; for when ever I have any thing that looks tolerably well of late,

late, I am ſure to be abuſed for it. If my Mother might have lived to ſee me grow up, ſhe would have taken Delight in it, poor Woman! But I have neither Father nor Mother; my Siſter is but a Child; would it not make a Stone weep to ſee the only Relation that ſhould take my Part, ſet all her Wit to work to render me odious, and blaſt my Reputation, for nothing elſe, but becauſe I wont be particular. My Father was a Baronet; 'tis true, he lived to ſpend his Fortune; but then my Aunt that's dead, has handſomely provided for me. Five thouſand Pounds is no deſpicable Fortune for a young Woman that is of a good Family: I don't go above it, nor covet rich Cloaths: I love to be clean, and have my Things made faſhionable. You gave me Education; I own it, and thank you for it; but then on my Part, have I not always paid you the ſame Reſpect as if you had been my Mother? What have I done to deſerve your ill Will? Do I converſe with any-body that is not ſuitable to my Fortune and Quality? What Indiſcretion have I been guilty of? Who is more reſerved in Men's Company than I? I never was alone with any one in my Life, unleſs it was in ſeeing me home from ſome

Ball, publick Entertainment, or other Solemnity, where it would have been Rudeneſs to deny them; and yet, had I been the Strumpet to a Regiment of Foot Soldiers, you could not have talked to me worſe than you do. I think myſelf in Heaven, when I enjoy but one Hour without being rail'd at.

Leo. Indeed, *Aurelia*, the Hardſhips you labour under are beyond Meaſure, at leaſt any-body would think ſo, to ſee you in this Poſture, and hear your Moan; for it is not to be believed that a young Lady, to whom Nature has been ſo laviſh, and Fortune no Niggard; one that never ſhewed a great Diſlike to the World, ſhould wiſh herſelf buried alive, rather than bear her Torments any longer, unleſs they exceed the common Rate of Afflictions: However, I had rather ſee you in this Humour, than when you are laughing at all good Counſel, and jeering every thing that's Chaſte and Sober.

Au. I ſuppoſe ſo, becauſe now I look worſe.

Leo. I don't think you do; but it is not for that, it is becauſe I love a meek Spirit better than a ſtubborn one.

Au.

Au. Well, Aunt, I think it will be better to let this Diſcourſe drop, for I am quite tired of it.

Leo. Pleaſe yourſelf; but pray take my Advice, and don't make yourſelf odious to the World; ſo farewel.

VERSES *by a* LADY, *in Praiſe of her own* Eſtate.

A Manor large, by *Chloe* was poſſeſs'd,
Yet *Chloe* Night and Day could take no Reſt;
Oft, ſhe complain'd, and curs'd her cruel Fate;
Barren, alaſs! tho' large, was her Eſtate:
No Pains ſhe ſpared, no Money to procure
(To fertilize her Land) the beſt *Manure*.

Farmers, well skill'd in cultivating Ground,
She try'd, but from their *Art* no Help ſhe found.
Yearly the Parſon's *Glebe* produc'd good Fruit,
To him ſhe goes, and asks if he could do't?
The *Charitable* Man eſſay'd — in vain —
And now poor *Chloe* does again complain,
Scanting, perhaps, the Meaſure that he gave,
Knowing his *Glebe* a greater Share muſt have,

Or

Or the *Manure* was not with Skill apply'd,
Or by *exceſſive Heat* too ſoon was dry'd:
Her Head with Thoughts were wreck'd, her Heart with Grief,
[Heart with Grief,
For, oh! Sterility finds no Relief.

Juſt in the Center ſtood a pleaſant Mount,
Whoſe many Charms no Language can recount;
So beautiful, it baffled Painters Art
To draw the Semblence of one ſingle Part.
Beneath it was a Well, by Nature made,
Which none could fathom, tho' they of't eſſay'd;
In various Shapes it often did appear,
And Fools ſaid, 'twas by *magick Art* plac'd there;
Sure none but Fools, or *Nincompoops*, at beſt,
With ſuch a ſilly Thought could be poſſeſs'd:
And yet this *Well* that ſtood in *Chloe*'s Ground,
If ſhe were abſent, no where could be found.

About the Margin at the *Well* there grew
A pliable ſoft *Graſs* of Nut-brown Hue;
The Sun's all-ſcorching Beams had ne'er been there,
[there,
And yet in e'ery Month throughout the Year,
This *Graſs*, oft wet with Dew, did brown appear.
Each *Blade* thereof, tho' ſoft, was full as ſtrong
As Cable-rope, but yet not quite ſo long;
'Twould

'Twould draw an *Hermit* from his lonely Cell,
And make him kneel with Zeal before the *Well:*
Drag *Pope's* and *Cardinal's* from Mid-night Pray'r,
And *Stateſmen* from the Nation's *Grand Affair.*

At length this *Well* forth nauſeous Vapours ſent,
Which had too long within been cloſely pent.

Farmers of every Sort conſulted were
In this, ſo critical and nice Affair;
But their Opinion e'er they did diſcloſe,
'Mongſt them a long and warm Debate aroſe;
At length they to a Reſolution came,
And thus their *Chair-man* did declare the ſame.

Madam, with joyful Hearts, we now draw near,
And hope to baniſh all your anxious Care.
That your *Eſtate* has barren been, we know,
And you, by long Experience, found it ſo;
But now, to ſay, we humbly do beg leave,
The Cauſe of *Barrenneſs* we plain perceive;
And when the Cauſe of any thing is known,
A ſpeedy Cure may be perform'd, we own.——

The nauſeous Vapours, which had cloſe been pent,
Requiring, for ſome Years, a nat'ral Vent,
Had underneath the Surface of the Earth
Diffus'd themſelves, preventing nat'ral Birth;

Of

Of *Moiſture radical* 'twas then depriv'd,
And *Genial Heat*, by which it ſhould have thriv'd,
Abſorb'd by *Them* the *Salts Prolifick* were,
And *Thoſe* the Cauſe of Barrenneſs appear.
This was our *Parſon*'s Caſe, when he, good Man!)
To Occupy his *Glebe* at firſt began;
Follow his Rule, ſome Fellow ſtreight employ,
To *Scour* the *Well* that does your *Land* annoy:
Then, Madam, ſoon as poſſible, be ſure
To uſe the richeſt, and the beſt, *Manure*.

Chloe return'd 'em Thanks, and in a Trice,
Determin'd to purſue their Sage Advice.

A Fool ſhe kept, (for *Fools* were then in Faſhion,
As *now* is daily ſeen throughout the Nation;)
She made him Work as hard as *Carman*'s Horſe,
No Skill he had, but he us'd all his Force:
By Night and Day he ſlav'd to ſcour her *Well*,
And was not injur'd by th' *Effluvia*'s Smell.
This Task perform'd, her *Land* he next *Manur'd*,
Then *Plough'd* and *Sow'd*; ſoon *Chloe* was aſſur'd
Her Land was fertiliz'd, and ſhe would find,
A *Crop* to pleaſe, and to divert her Mind.

A *Crop* ſhe had; and now ſhe thoſe does foil,
Who call'd her *Lady of the Barren Soil*;

She

She values not what *Prudes* demurely ſay,
Whoſe Thoughts are vicious at the Time they pray:
Nor does ſhe bluſh to own (for 'tis confeſt
She found it ſo) a Fool manures the beſt.

Then ſave your Breath, good Folks, your Broth [to cool,
For *Chloe* has but WISELY *plaid the Fool.*

A JOURNEY *to* Briſtol *for the Recovery of Health. Inſcribed to the Honourable Miſs* V--e.

YOung *Cælia* pretended to be in ſad taking,
And begg'd of the Q--n to excuſe her from [Waiting;
Complain'd that *St. James*'s had very bad Air,
And journey'd to *Briſtol* to breathe ſweeter there.

The Change was attended with happy Succeſs;
Her Petticoats lengthen'd, her Belly grew leſs:
And in leſs than nine Months, the ſole Cauſe of [her Harms
Set her Body at Eaſe, and fell into her Arms.

In

In Praiſe of TEA. *Addreſſed to the Court Ladies, particularly M--ds of Honour.*

LET other Bards *Leander*'s Paſſion move,
To ſing, in melting Strains, bright *Hero*'s Love;
Let others in the Praiſe of Sieges ſing,
And to the Warrior's Actions tune their String:
May I to modern Females grateful be,
With faſhionable Verſe, in Praiſe of Tea.
Cæleſtial Beauty, *Venus*, Queen of Love,
With ſprinkling Show'rs deſcending from above,
Firſt ſwells the Bud, then, with refulgent Rays,
Bright *Sol* the Leaf in verdant Pride diſplays.
Declining *Autumn* bids us next prepare
To gather this ripe Preſent for the Fair.

As ſoon as Dinner's o'er, the Maids retire
To hang the Boiler o'er the Kitchen Fire;
Return, with Broom in Hand, to ſweep all clear,
Before the ceremonious Fair appear:
All Things are plac'd; the Table's duſted o'er,
And, being cover'd with its *Indian* Store,
The Nymphs appear; and at the Door begin
To compliment which firſt ſhall enter in.

After

After thoſe little Forms, they all ſit down,
And tattle over Half the News in Town.
One fondly tells who is her fav'rite Swain;
How he does ſue, how movingly complain:
One boaſts what Conqueſts her bright Charms [have made;
How many Hearts ſhe proſtrate bleeding laid.
Inſpir'd by *Tea*, they ſpend the tedious Hours,
More pleas'd than *Venus* in her Myrtle Bow'rs.

Oh happy Leaf! had you but Eyes to ſee
What Homage by the Fair is paid to thee;
What great Attendance at thy Levy wait,
Thou would'ſt aſſume the Pinacle of State;
Beyond the Myrtle Leaves, or Orange ſhine,
And Roſes Beauty ſhould give Way to thine.

Oh thou bright Female Sex's dear Repaſt!
Polite Refiner of coquettiſh Taſte!
From China Pot, adorn'd with Silver Spout,
Your ſacred Streams the Fair with Joy pour out,
T' indulge themſelves with you in private love,
Nor envy Nectar to the Gods above.

The Apothecary's Daughter.

IN *Kingſton-wick*, as Stories tell,
Old Gaffer *Goodman* choſe to dwell:
He dealt in Plaſters, Salves, and Bliſters,
In Phials, Galli-Pots, and Clyſters.

One Drug of precious Taſte and Pow'r
He kept among the nauſeous Store;
Chloe, the Young, the Ripe, the Fair,
The only Object of his Care:
He long'd to ſee her fairly wed,
E'er naughty Fancies fill'd her Head.

When lo! a Youth of ſtately Port
Was introduc'd to pay his Court.

Old *Goodman* thought the Viſit long,
And fear'd there might be ſomewhat wrong.
To *Chloe*'s Room in haſte he flies:
But ſcarce could he believe his Eyes!
In wanton Dalliance *Chloe* preſt
The youthful Stranger to her Breaſt!

Miſchance ſtill waits upon Miſchance:
Behold the Royal Guards advance;
The ſtately Train awful reveals,
That *Chloe*'s Love was P—— of W ——.

What

What Tongue can utter *Goodman*'s Rage,
To ſee the Comfort of his Age,
His Darling *Chloe*'s Reputation,
Become Diverſion to the Nation.
He curſt his Hour, damn'd all Mankind,
And *Chloe* under Lock confin'd.
Fruitleſs his laſt, as firſt, Effort;
For *Chloe* ſoon appear'd at Court.

The FAVOURITE. *Inſcribed to two of the Maids of Honour to her Majeſty.*

M-rd—nt and *V-n-*, two Honorary Dames,
By turns in youthful *F—'s* kindled Flames:
Long ſtrove each conſcious ſhe with ſtudy'd Art,
To rob the other of their Prince's Heart.
In vain the Strife. The gen'rous Youth deny'd
Either to ſacrifice to t'other's Pride.
'Till Fortune, bent to baulk the juſt Decree,
With cruel Joy confronts the lovely Three.
Sad Interview! for Man by far too much!
Not *Jove* himſelf with two can ſtand the Touch.
How to behave to each obſerving Maid!
To offer Nought, Ill-Manners had betray'd;

Both to oblige, had been Indifference;
To value neither, had ſhewn Want of Senſe.
No Remedy was left the puzzled Pr-nce:
One muſt be pleas'd at t'other's dire Expence.
Advancing to'rds th' impatient jealous Pair,
To each he offers Snuff with graceful Air.
The Honour was too great, each Fair reply'd,
Out of the Pr-nce's Box to be ſupply'd.
To *M-rd—nt* then the Youth himſelf addreſs'd;
Reveal'd the Flame that long he had ſuppreſs'd:
If mine you will not, Madam, uſe your own.
Thus gave the Box, and made the Fav'rite known.

The Unlucky RAMBLE; *or, the* Royal CULLY.

I.

WHEN *Harry*, Fifth of that great [Name,
By Father, jealous of his Fame,
Was mov'd from Camp and Court;
He choſe the brisk, enlivening Glaſs,
And made each kind, conſenting Laſs,
Companion of his Sport.

II. Thus

II.

Thus modern Prince, in cheaful Plight,
When out of his dear Mamma's Sight,
In *Drury*'s antient *Hundred*'s;
Sends for the willing Doxies round,
The wheedling Bawds too heard the Sound,
Obey'd with Joy, and wonder'd.

III.

Old Mother Abbeſs ope's the Scene,
Complains her tender Daughter's been
By Raviſhers betray'd:
Miſs next appears, clad in the Guiſe
Of Mother *Eve* in Paradiſe,
And to his H——ſs ſaid:

IV.

Help, Royal Sir, I crave of thee;
From Violence pray ſet me free;
And you ſhall have my Pray'r:
Then other down-caſt Maids advance,
Who ſham'd, like her, ſome ſad Miſchance;
All to the Skin made bare.

V. Their

V.

Their clean-waſh'd Limbs they ſlily twin'd
To various POSTURES, that defin'd
How well they knew to move.
With dextrous Art they ſink and riſe,
By Turns, their Buttocks, Hips, and Thighs,
As in the Act of Love.

VI.

Thus the contending Goddeſſes
On *Ida*'s Summit ſtrove to pleaſe
Paris' diſcerning Eyes:
Their naked Beauties they diſplay'd
Before the wandring Shepherd, made
The Umpire of the Prize.

VII.

Fatal to both the pleaſing Sight:
Paris loſt Life and Kingdom by't,
When *F*—— left the *Rummer*:
Her M—— vext to the Heart,
That he ſhould act ſo mean a Part,
With Buffets ſpurn'd him from her.

The

The Conſtant Fair. *A* Ballad.

WHere is he gone, whom I adore?
The God-like Man I ſee no more
Yet without Reſt, his Tyrant Charms
Beat in my Heart ſtill new Alarms.

Aſſiſt, dear Honour, take my Part,
Or I am loſt, with all my Art;
Tear his Idea from my Breaſt,
Tho' with it I am more than bleſt.

My Reaſon too, prepare your Arms,
Leſt he return with greater Charms;
Love's fatal and impriſon'd Dart,
Draw from my tender bleeding Heart.

On a Punch-Bowl, *belonging to a* Court Sot.

O'ER this the Wretch no Sorrow knows,
Long as e'er the Liquor flows;
When 'tis out, the happy Swain
Grieves, unleſs 'tis fill'd again.

On

On a FLEA, *leaping into a Lady's Bed at St.* James's.

BOLD Animal, that dares preſume
To enter this wide ſpacious Room;
And from the Floor to take a Spring
Into my Bed; preſumptious Thing!
Dare thou a human Carcaſs ſeize,
Or run about us thus to teaze.
Tho' little, bold Tormenter know,
My Thumb ſhall kill you at a Blow:
At laſt, o'er power'd, the Flea did die;
I heard him crack, but could not here him cry.

On the CHARMS *of a young Lady of the firſt Rank.*

DOLLY's Beauty and Art,
Have ſo hemm'd in my Heart,
That I cannot reſiſt the Charm:
In Revenge I will ſtich
Up the Hole next her Breech,
With a Needle as long as my Arm.

EPI-

EPITAPH *on a* WIFE, *by her* HUSBAND.

HERE my poor, dear Wife does lie;
Here I'll howl, and yell, and cry:
Ah, alas! how vex'd am I,
That ſhe did not ſooner die.

A BALLAD *on an inſulting, inconſtant Woman.*

I.

INſulting Beauty, you miſpend
Thoſe Frowns upon your Slave:
Your Scorns againſt ſuch Rebels bend,
Who dare with Confidence pretend,
That other Eyes their Hearts defend,
From all the Charms you have.

II.

Your conqu'ring Eyes ſo partial are,
O: Mankind is ſo dull,

That while I languiſh in Deſpair,
Many proud ſenſeleſs Hearts declare,
They find you not ſo killing Fair,
To wiſh you merciful.

III.

They an inglorious Freedom boaſt;
I triumph in my Chain,
Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' loſt,
Nor you unpuniſh'd, tho' unjuſt,
When I alone, who love you moſt,
Am kill'd with your Diſdain.

SUSANNAH *and the Two* ELDERS.
A TALE.

WHEN fair *Suſannah*, in a cool Retreat
Of ſhady Arbours, ſhun'd the Sultry Heat,
Two wanton Letchers to her Garden came,
And, ruſhing furious, ſeiz'd the trembling Dame.
What Female Strength could do, her Arms per-
[form,
And guarded well the Fort they ſtrove to ſtorm.
he Story's antient, and (if rightly told)
Young was the Lady, but the Lovers old.

Had

Had the Reverſe been true, had Authors ſung,
How that the Dame was old, the Lovers young;
If ſhe had then the blooming Pair deny'd,
With tempting Youth and Vigour on their Side,
Lord! how the Story would have ſhock'd my
For that had been a Miracle indeed. [*Creed!*

EPITAPH *on a* Taylor's Wife.

FROM *Abraham*'s Boſom full of Lice,
To *Abraham*'s Botom in Paradice;
Our Siſter *Sarah* took her Flight,
And bid the knitty Dog good Night.

BEAUTY *in* MASQUERADE.
Inſcribed to the C----ſs of S----k.

UNmask'd, fair *Cælia*, eve'ry nat'ral Charm,
Nor your own Beauties with acquir'd Harm;
Not artful Cereuſe can adorn that Face,
Nor can ſuch daubing, with it's borrow'd Grace,
Mend thoſe fine Features, which alone may vie
With bright *Aurora*'s Charms that gild the Sky.

The new-blown Roſe her natural Bluſhes yields,
And ſeems the Goddeſs Flower of the Fields;
Plain as from Nature ſprung, no Art deſires,
Nor added Beauty to it's Charms requires;
It's fragrant Odours ſcant the flow'ry Plain,
And the pale *Lilley* rivals it in vain.

Juſt ſo indulgent Nature has beſtow'd
On you her Beauty, and her Smiles has throw'd;
But you, puff'd up with Pride, diſdain her Gift,
And ſtrive to add a Luſtre at a Lift;
Too ſoon thoſe paultry Mixtures will decay,
And make your natural Beauty fade away.

When Years creep on, and all your Charms
[are fled,
And you behold that whither'd Trunk look
[dead;
The Branches from it fall'n, can ſprout no more,
Nor ſhine with Bloom ſo charming as before;
Then will you curſe that Art you now careſs,
And ſtrive to be more tempting, yet be leſs.

An Italian *Wit's Queſtion to the Earl of* Rocheſter.

SUppoſe that your King he ſhould Command,
A naked Woman to walk thro' the Strand;
What would you do about the Matter,
To keep the People from laughing at her.

The Earl of Rocheſter's *Anſwer.*

If ſuch a Thing ſhould come to paſs,
Clap you your Noſe into her A--ſe;
And when that the People begin to ſtir,
They'll laugh at you, and not at her.

A SATYR *upon* EVE. *Addreſs'd to all Prudes*

WHEN *Adam* ſaw the Beauty by his Side,
With new-born Joy, he view'd the charming Bride;
Her, whom he knew on no ſmall Errand ſent,
Becauſe procur'd by the Omnipotent:
But if he lov'd her eagerly,
Impatient to enjoy the Heavenly ſhe,
As for her Part, ſhew'd no great Cruelty;

And *Adam* quickly found, much for our Good,
That ſhe was made of the ſame Fleſh and Blood.

Both gor'd, both were ſurpriz'd ; and as they [ey'd
With wiſhful Looks, what neither ſtrove to hide ;
Both equally o'ercome by diff'rent Charms,
Ruſh'd, without Courtſhip, to each others Arms ;
Diſſolv'd at once, and ſhot thro' ev'ry Vain ;
Felt all the Joys of Love, without the Pain.

On her it work'd with greater Influence,
Than all her Daughters e'er could boaſt of ſince:
Sure, Friend, this happy pair, who never knew
The Intriegues of Church orPlay-houſe, muſt be [true.
Was ever Woman honeſt, it was ſhe ;
Perhaps you'll ſay, ſhe was forc'd ſo to be;
There were no other Men, and being alone,
'Twas *Hopſon*'s Choice, ſhe muſt have him or none.

W'are both miſtaken, and ſhall not perceive,
If we mind well, ſuch Innocence in *Eve* ;
For tho' her Spouſe was of ſuch noble Mein,
Of Shape ſo graceful, and of Limbs ſo clean,
With Vigour, Eloquence, and Knowledge bleſt,
And without doubt, not wanting of the reſt,
Unleſs

Unleſs a Man, fram'd by immortal Skill,
To ſtock the World, could be thought furni ſh'd ill;
Yet of the Nuptual Bow'r ſhe weary grew,
And as ſhe lov'd, ſtill long'd for ſo mething new;
And tho' at home ſhe had a Lord ſo great,
That even Angels envy'd him his State;
Yet, as a Husband, ſhe could leave him there,
In hopes to meet with other Joys elſe-where;
And once got out of Sight, ſhe prov'd ſo frail,
That ſhe would liſten to a Serpent's Tale;
And rather enter with the Dev'l in Chat,
Than be a Woman and not a Coquet.

F I N I S.